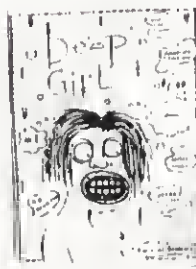


get it here!

Get what?

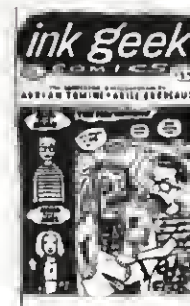
Why?



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Also check out "Ink Geek Comics" a collaborative effort by Adrian Tomine, of Optic Nerve, and myself ... this is also \$1.00 order from me! AND if you like my minicomics ... check out my dishsoap! available in stores that sell Spanish products! - drawing by Diane Dodge



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26 PANEL SEX COMIC by Ron Regé - I am not sure if I can properly express in words... how beautiful... how ultimately superior... how fucking funny... how skilled... and overall how absolutely FABULOUS Ron Regé's comics are... he has many titles, a couple bucks will get you a variety... You will just DIE!
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CHICK TRACTS by Jack Chick... You know... I probably wouldn't believe in Jesus if it weren't for Jack Chick! Hundreds of titles to choose from... usually free... find a nut on the street, and ask if he has one!

I WAS YOUNG, I WAS DESPERATE, I HAD NO CHOICE BUT TO MOVE INTO... A... A... A...

LEZBO HELLHOLE

A TRUE STORY OF PSYCHO HETEROPHOBES! BY ARIEL BORDEAUX



I found this apartment through an ad in the paper... I definitely had qualms about the age difference, as I was nineteen and everyone else was in their thirties... But I certainly couldn't have cared less about the fact that they were lesbians...



Jan, one of the two women who were basically "in charge" would frequently question me about this... She was overly concerned that I wouldn't be able to "adjust" to the "shock" of their lifestyle...



Jerri, Jan's lover, and the other "head of the household", would probe me on the race issue ...



Letters

to

Deep Girl



Dear Ariel,
OH! OW!! SHIT! How'd you get to be so cool!? I loved your comix... your work really exemplifies what I like most about obscure comix. (Don't ask me what that is... but I know when I find it)

- Max Traffic
Butler, PA

... Jesus Christ... the way you draw lips! I'm not even in your league when it comes to drawing them big...

- Joe Matt
Toronto, ONT.

... it's a pleasure to read an autobiographical work and not be confronted with clumsy egos, stylistic incoherence, or grinding axes. I mean, it flows, Baby!

- Gordon Fitz
Brighton, MA

Dear Ariel Bordeaux,
I really enjoyed your comic, Deep Girl... I think your work is still, at this point, a little derivative. I can still see the strong influence of Lynda Barry and Julie Doucet in your work, but I can also see the fresh things that you are trying... anyway I thought the overall tone was sweet and endearing. The personal stuff made me want to spill out all my problems to you... It will be exciting watching your art develop...

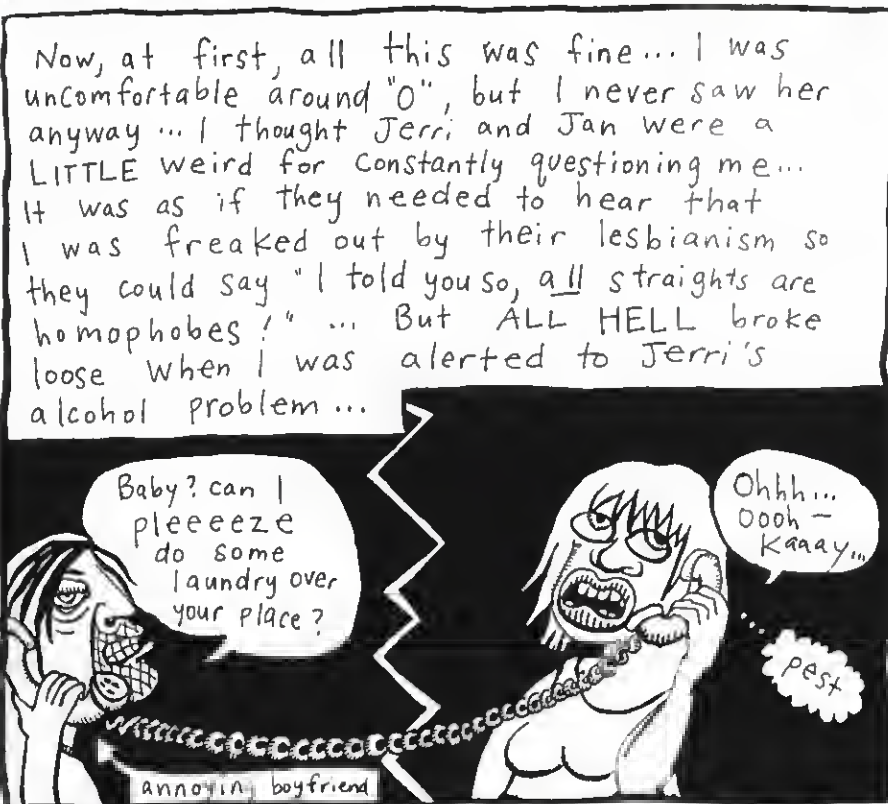
- Ben Godfrey
San Jose, CA

... It's so great to read sex related autobio. Comics by a girl - there aren't enough. I think your drawing style is cool - sort of creepy but endearing at the same time... and you're funny!...

- Megan Kelso
Seattle, WA



Just as I see myself ... you might argue that even in scenes where I'm not expressing pain or anger ... the times I could draw myself a little prettier ... I still draw myself ugly ... well ...





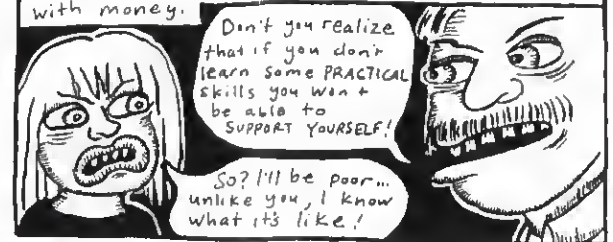
So, after we crashed and clattered downstairs with all this shit, we heard this insane screaming behind us...



My dad is extraordinarily repressed and conservative. I don't believe that he means any harm... but he sure has doled it out, nonetheless. He's hard to please... as he always expected me to be very well-mannered, well-dressed, and... well... I guess I wasn't.

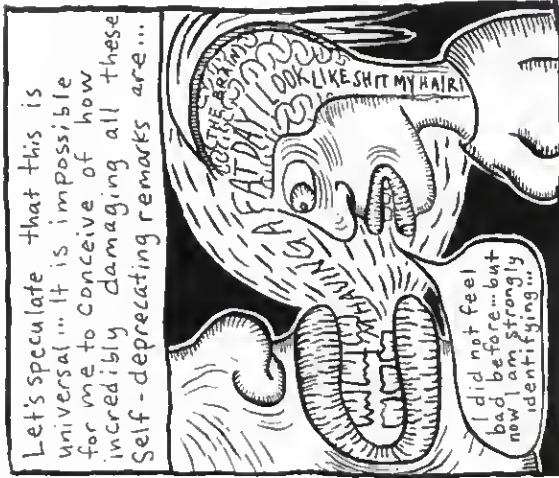


My decision to go to art school seems to be what completely destroyed what little relationship we had. He was furious that I chose a "career path" so "frivolous" and financially nebulous. I am quite sure that this is in part because he was afraid I might be "after his money"... and he made it quite clear that he would teach me a lesson by never, ever, helping me with money.



Now we are all but completely out of touch. I've stopped thinking that "earning" his love would be any good for me... but... only time will tell.





It's incredibly hard to get along in the Society of Women without making such remarks... at least a little... try it sometime... I think most of us would feel that we're betraying some code of honor. Well, the role of the male is very important to this topic also... let me introduce you to my father...



That was the first of a few of such delightful incidents... At that point I started to fear Jerri, I thought she was gonna haul off and punch me! I must admit, too, that I began to lose a little of my politically-correct open-mindedness!



Ian sensed my withdrawal and would periodically attempt to iron it out...



Ariel, Terri is kind of upset... she thinks you don't like her...

Well, for Chrissakes, Ian, Terri's the one who flips out at the drop of a hat!

Well... I know she has a bit of a drinking problem... and she does get a little out of hand sometimes... but she likes you... maybe you still have some unresolved issues about our being gay...



But I've made a major turnaround in my life... things are much, much better now... I've discovered Self-love... and I've instilled my new values into my children... my whole family is a thousand percent happier!



Hey, HEY! You're putting words in my mouth! I wouldn't have said that! Why'd you have to make me look so MEAN?



...but it's a long road to confidence when battling years of repression, depression, rage, and societal brainwashing. We're both getting there... but in times of emotional, financial, or other stress...



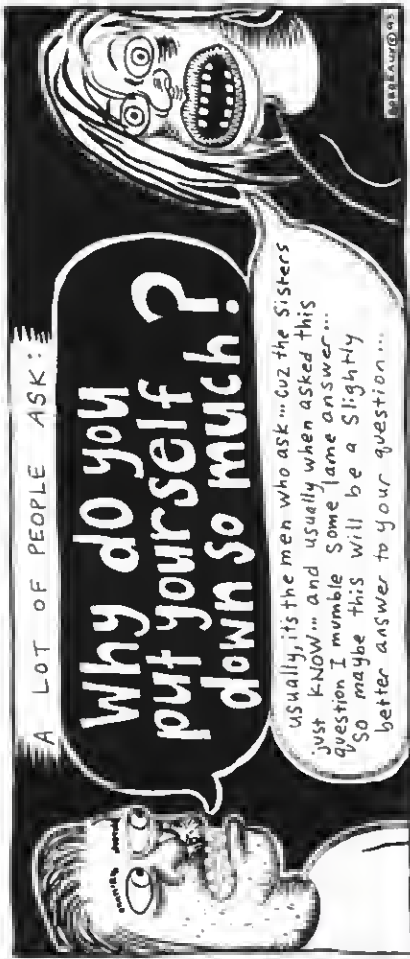
WE HATE OURSELVES

SIGH...



It's an instinct that... I'm guessing... ALL women have to fight constantly... I would say that 99.9% of all conversations I've had with women in my ENTIRE life have involved at LEAST one self-deprecating remark by at LEAST one woman present...





Now... I'm perfectly aware of the fact that I draw this sort of drama into my life out of a sick sort of need for it... there's always a situation in my life that I can obsess about (and bore all my friends with)... but that's okay 'cuz I think this particular challenge was placed in my life to improve my assertiveness skills... There was only one time I yelled back at Jerri...

That's funny... no one ever leaves the door unlocked oh well, I'll just lock it behind me...



Shit... What's up? it sounds like a party...

HA HA HA
BLABBITTY
BLAH HA HA
YAK YAK...

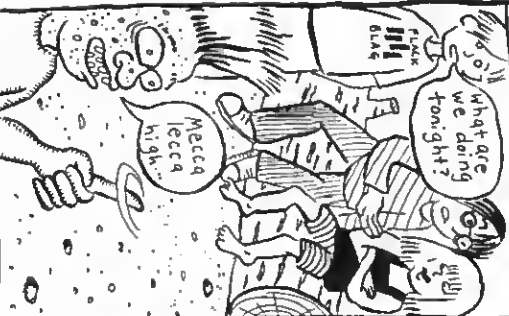
fuckin' figures! whole buncha Jerri's psycho-asshole friends!



But... I found a crowd to hang with, and basically forgot all about Jeff.

What are we doing tonight?

Mecca lecca high



A couple years later, however, we actually did "get together" once.

So... what have you been up to?

Not much... you?



It was really awkward. It wasn't like it had been between us at all... but he told me what I needed to know.

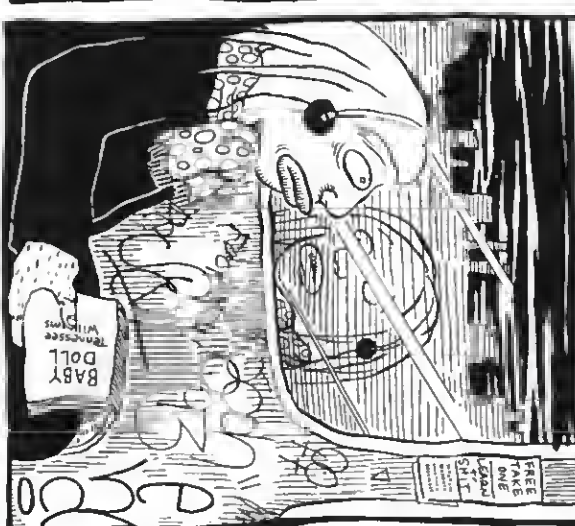
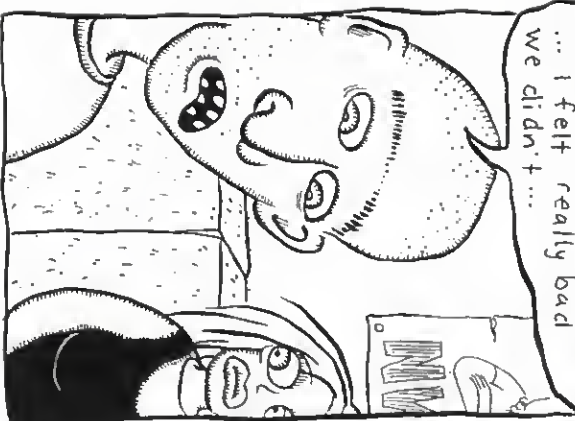
Remember that time... when we almost... you know...

yeah.



I wanted to... but... I was really scared. I was still a virgin... I felt really bad we didn't...

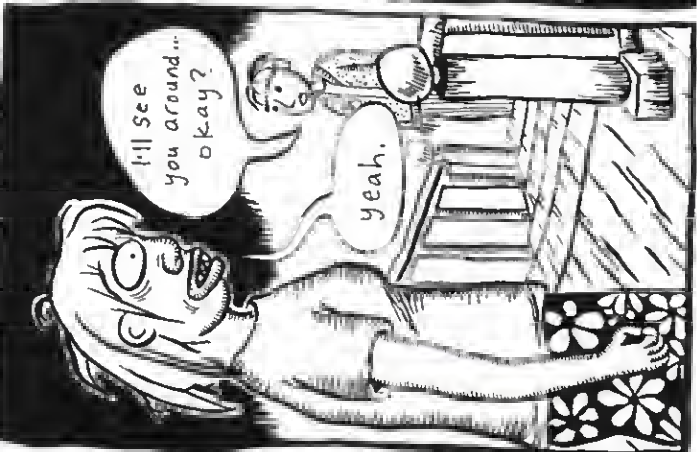
It didn't make me feel any better, though.



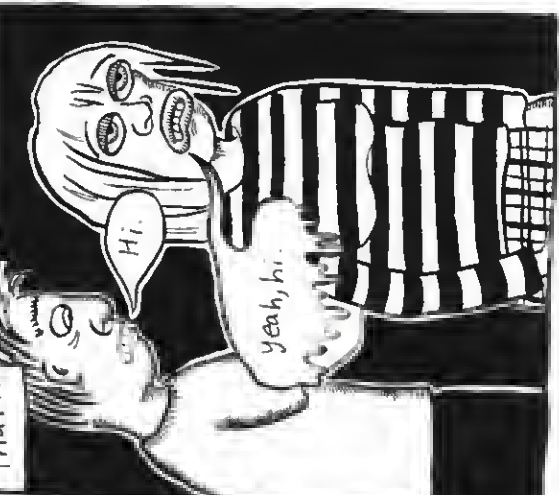
Then... only a scant couple minutes goes by... and it's over... Jeff's straightening himself and looking all weirded out...



... and he split... telling lies and making excuses...



If I remember correctly... we were both pretty aloof with each other after that...



Shortly after I came in Jerri rang the doorbell a whole buncha times... then I could hear her spazzing in the kitchen... she was freaking out about being "locked out" ... She didn't take her keys to the store with her... so she had to buzz to get in ... big deal, right?



The following conversation WAS maybe not that earth-shattering... but it was a breakthrough for me! And I did kinda make her buckle...

Why you gon' lock me out? You never did like me, huh? You don't like black folks!

You're right... I don't like you much... cuz You're FUCKING CRAZY! NOT because you're BLACK!

Heh, heh... You right! I guess... I am crazy, at that, lesh forget it, okay?

NO WAY! You're in here talking Shit about me... FUCK THAT! You're the racist Terri - You can't stand me cuz I'm white!

and I dramatically Stormed out...

COOKED

Bat, even a retarded moron can sometimes attract a good man... when I was absolutely sure he liked me, I made a blatant attempt to seduce him...

Somethin'.. what are you doing? Saturday.

Why don't you come over and find out?

What do you have in mind?

Coverly

This was my big chance...
it seemed like it might
as well be now or never...
So I forced myself to be
the aggressor...



We had a quick groping session... resulting in the undressing of my upper half...



Anyway...we actually did hang out a few times—I went over his house and we just sat around playing records, eating snacks...whatever... I, meanwhile, would sweat bullets contemplating whether or not to make a pass at him...



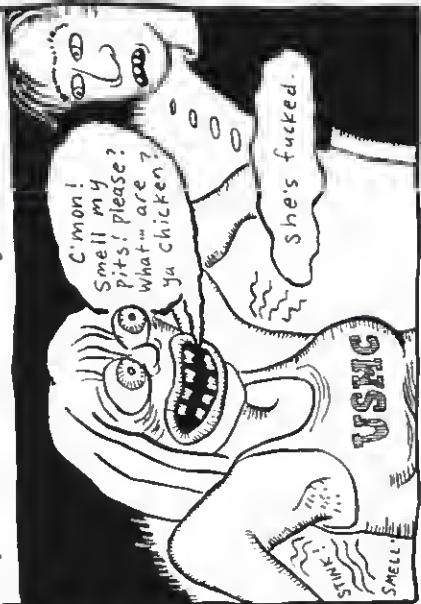
Jeff always kept me guessing... I suppose I knew, even at the time, that we could never "go out". I didn't have a good reputation... I was permanently branded as an outcast...



Jeff never really ignored me...but when I passed him in the hall when he was with all his jock friends, he was not particularly responsive.



I don't think it was just what other people said that held him back, though. I mean, I acted pretty fucked up sometimes... this was probably the first time I really made use of my retarded "flirting" methods...



She came to my room about a half an hour later, with a glass of Scotch in her hand, all apologetic... I guess I actually earned a little respect from her... she must be an abuse victim or something...



Well, the only thing that made me gain any SELF respect was the decision to get the fuck outta there...



A P.C. disclaimer: Lest I have offended anyone, it was/is not my intention to make any generalizations about lesbians, blacks, or otherwise. This is simply a personal experience I wanted to get off of my chest... And maybe a little reminder, too, that the "holier than thou" are not always the "holiest".



MORE HORRORS

of Romance

Jeff: the boy I was infatuated with.

